

[ESTABLISHED AT THE POST OFFICE AT HENDERSON, NORTH CAROLINA, FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND-CLASS RATES.]

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. Julien E. Ingie, Rector. Services every Sunday morning at 11 a. m. and 4:30 p. m. BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. M. V. McDuffie, Pastor. Services every first and third Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. D. E. Jordan, pastor. Services every 2nd and 4th Sunday at 11 o'clock, a. m., and 8 p. m. METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH.—Rev. J. P. Simpson, Pastor. Divine service every Sunday at 11 o'clock, a. m., and 3 o'clock p. m. A young people's service every first Sunday at 11 a. m., and a mission service for children at 2 p. m. of the same day. A "monthly" meeting and class meeting, Monday night after every 2nd Sunday. METHODIST E. CHURCH.—Rev. L. J. Holden, Pastor. Preaching every 2nd and 4th Sunday, at 11 a. m., and every Sunday night. Sunday school 9 a. m. Choir practice for church and Sunday school, Sunday morning, 9 p. m. Prayer meeting every Friday night. Rules and Regulations of the Henderson Post Office.

Office opens at 7 A. M. Office closes at 7:45 P. M. Mail going North closes at 10:30 A. M. Mail going South closes at 5:10 P. M. Mail from North opens about 6:30 A. M. Mail from South opens about 11:15 A. M. Oxford mail is opened about 10 A. M. Oxford mail closes 5:10 P. M. Registration and Money Order business from 8 to 10 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M. R. J. WYCHE, Postmaster.

THE MOST POPULAR OF ALL SEWING MACHINES LIGHT-RUNNING NEW HOME BEST MADE SIMPLE STRONG SWIFT SURE HAS NO EQUAL IS ALWAYS IN ORDER LAST A LIFETIME SURPASSES OTHERS New Home Sewing Machine 30 UNION ST. NEW YORK CHICAGO ILL. ORANGE MASS. J. L. STONE, State Agent, RALEIGH, N. C. The best SEWING MACHINE Write for prices and circulars. Address J. L. Stone's Sewing Machine and Music House, Raleigh, N. C. E. G. DAVIS, Local Agent, HENDERSON, N. C.

Soapine MAKES HARD WATER SOFT. For Washing Clothes and cleaning everything—no matter what—it works quicker, easier, cheaper and better than Sapolin or any other preparation, and will make splendid S. F. Soap. It relieves the drudgery of Wash Day and is warranted not to injure hands or fabric. Everybody will continue to use it after a fair trial. Ask your Grocer for it. KENDALL MFG CO. Established 1837. Providence, R. I. And 22 Park Place, N. Y.

HARRIS REMEDY CO., ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI. PROF. HARRIS' PASTILLE REMEDY. Young Men and others who suffer from Strains and Physical Debility. Premature Exhaustion and all other ailments connected with the Urinary System are quickly and radically cured. The Remedy is put up in boxes. Ask a Druggist or send for circular. It is sold by all Druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Write for Circular and name of Druggist. Use this Remedy and make of it the best you can.

THE GOLD LEAF

THAD. R. MANNING. "Carolina, Carolina, Heaven's Blessings Attend Her." EDITOR & PROPRIETOR VOL. I. HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1882. NO. XXVI.

ADVERTISING RATES. SPACE 1 line 1 m. 3 m. 6 m. 12 m. 1 inch. \$1.00 \$2.50 \$5.00 \$8.00 \$12.00 2 do. 1.50 3.00 6.00 10.00 15.00 3 do. 2.00 4.00 8.00 15.00 25.00 4 do. 2.50 5.00 10.00 20.00 40.00 1 col. 3.00 6.00 12.00 25.00 50.00 2 do. 4.00 8.00 16.00 35.00 70.00 3 do. 5.00 10.00 20.00 45.00 90.00 1 mo. 70.00 150.00 300.00 600.00 1200.00

All transient advertisements for one month and under must be paid for in advance. Bills rendered quarterly for all advertisements to appear longer than one month. Local notices to appear in reading matter, will be charged for same per line for first, and a cent for each subsequent insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS. The GOLD LEAF is the ONLY newspaper published in the county—in the heart of the Great GOLDEN TOBACCO Belt of North Carolina. Advertisers will make a note of this. The GOLD LEAF has a large and increasing circulation, and finds its way each week into the homes of some of the most substantial and intelligent citizens of Rockingham, Person, Caswell, Wake, Franklin, Granville, Vance, Warren, Nash, and Halifax counties in North Carolina; and Mecklenburg, Halifax, and Pittsylvania counties, in Virginia. As an advertising medium, it offers unusual advantages to merchants, manufacturers and other business men. Liberal discount on advertisements specially contracted for.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. W. H. CHEEK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HENDERSON, N. C. Having resumed the practice of my profession, I will attend the courts of Granville, Vance, and Warren counties, the Federal and Supreme courts at Raleigh, and give prompt attention to the collection of claims arising in this section of the State. apr. 19, 6-1 W. H. DAY. A. C. ZOLLICOFFER. DAY & ZOLLICOFFER, Attorneys at Law, Henderson, N. C. Practice in the courts of Vance, Granville, Warren, Halifax, and North Carolina—and in Supreme and Federal courts of the State. One of the firms will always be found in their office over 2nd and 3rd streets. T. T. HICKS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HENDERSON, N. C. Will practice in the courts of Vance, Warren, Franklin, Granville and Person counties, and in the Supreme and Federal courts.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. McADAMS & BERRY. COR. 10 AND MAIN STS. RICHMOND, VIRGINIA. The Leading CLOTHIERS FINE READY MADE CLOTHING. Most Complete Stock Elegant Custom Clothing. Gent's Furnishing Goods. MEN AND BOYS' HATS. Drop us a postal and we will send you samples and prices. Goods sent per Express to all parts of the country C. O. D., with privilege of examination. may 4 21.

KING OF THE SEWING MACHINES. Above is the exact representation of the we sell for TWENTY DOLLARS. It is in every respect the VERY BEST of the SINGER STYLE OF MACHINES. Finished in the best manner, with the latest improvements for winding the bobbin, the most convenient style of table with extension leaf, large drawers and beautiful cover. IT STANDS WITHOUT A RIVAL THE KING OF Sewing Machines. We do not ask you to pay for it till you see what you are buying. We only wish to know that you really intend to buy a Machine, and are willing to pay \$20 for the best in the market. Write to us, sending the name of the nearest Railroad station and we will send the machine and give instructions to allow you to examine it before you pay for it. WILLMARTH & Co., 729 FILBERT ST., apr 13 1 c PHILADELPHIA, PA. Subscribe for "THE GOLD LEAF."

J. K. BRIDGERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HENDERSON, N. C. Practices in the courts of Vance, Warren, Franklin, Granville and Person counties, and in the Supreme and Federal courts. A. R. WORTHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HENDERSON, N. C. Will practice in the courts of the fifth District, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts at Raleigh. Special attention given to all real estate transactions. Office over Dorsey's Drug store. D. B. GARDEN. F. S. HARRIS. DR. GARDEN & HARRIS, RESIDENT DENTISTS, HENDERSON, N. C. Offer their professional services to the people in any operations embraced in Dentistry. They have fitted up their office with the new appliances in Dentistry and will give satisfaction in any operation entrusted to them. Office over store near the Post Office. Dec 15 a G. G. TAYLOR, Surgeon-Dentist, BOYDTON, N. C. Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations entrusted to him. Terms strictly cash. Office over Alley Building. Jan. 26-6-1. FREE BUSINESS UNIVERSITY. For Illustrated Circular. A live actual Business School. Established twenty years.

MAIDENHOOD.

BY HENRY V. LONGFELLOW. Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes, In whose orbs a shadow lies, Like the dusk in evening skies, Thou whose locks outline the sun, Golden tresses, wreathed in one, As the braided streamlets run! Standing, with reluctant feet, Where the brook and river meet, Womanhood and childhood fleet! Gazing, with a timid glance, On the brooklets' swift advance, On the river's broad expanse! Deep and still, that gliding stream, Beautiful to the eye, As the river of a dream. Then why pause with indecision, When bright angels in thy vision Beckon thee to fields Elysian? Seest thou shadows sailing by, As the dove, with startled eye, Sees the falcon's shadow fly? Hearest thou voices on the shore, That our ears perceive no more, Deafened by the cataract's roar? O, thou child of many prayers! Life hath quicksands, life hath snares! Care and age come unawares! Like the swell of some sweet tune, Whining rises into June, May glides onward into June, Childhood is the laugh, when slumbered, In thy heart the dew is number'd! Age, that brings with snow, easambred, Gather, then, each flit that grows, When the young heart overflows, To bloom in that first of snows. Bear a lily in thy hand; Gates of brass cannot withstand One touch of that magic wand. Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth, In thy heart the dew of youth, On thy lips the smile of truth. O, that dew, like balm, shall steal Into wounds that cannot heal, And as sleep our eyes doth seal, And that smile, like sunshine, dart Into many a sunless heart, For a smile of God thou art.

AN ELOQUENT ORATION.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's Beautiful Tribute to the Confederate Dead. [From the Richmond State 25th.] Yesterday evening, after an impressive prayer by Rev. Dr. Hoge, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee delivered an address full of eloquence and feeling. In beginning he said: Ladies and gentlemen.—The Confederate dead the subject; beautiful Hollywood place! Were I fitted with the splendid eloquence of the great orator of the American Revolution, whose persuasive pleadings kept so brightly burning the campfires of our Washington, I would yet be unable to appropriately voice the emotions I feel at rising to speak on this beautiful consecrated spot at the request of the ladies of our Hollywood Memorial Association. The scene and soil are alike inspiring. "All is rest and calm around us." The sweet murmurs of the ripples of peace have chased away the rush and roar of the wild waves of war. The birds are singing in every bush; the blue sky bends serenely above us, and when you sun, shining now in all the splendor of its unclouded majesty, shall go into camp for the night, stary sentinels will in turn go on duty and keep watch and ward over the peaceful homes and hearts and destinies of your people. We can almost fancy we hear in the mysterious quiet around us the voice of nature, thanking God that the fields of strife, where ebb and flowed THE CRIMSON TIDE OF BATTLE, and where brave men stood ready in defence of Virginia's capital, are now waving fields of grain and grass, accessible to all; for the pickets of both armies have been called in—let us hope forever. Yes, the white wings of the angel of peace are indeed spread over us, while the mourning beauty of women wreaths with garlands and crowns with flowers the holy spot where sleep defeated valor. You meet here to-day to render homage and pay reverential respect to the memory of the loved and the lost. Your presence and purpose must bring a responsive chord in the heart of the survivor, for are you not tenderly caring for the grave of his comrade who perhaps fell by his side? How great his grief, then, when "something down the soldier's cheek washed off the stains of powder." How high his privilege now when the wand of peace is waving wide through sea and land; now, when no war or battle sound is heard; now, when the idle shield and spear are high up hung, and the broken chariot stands unstained by the soldier's blood, to stand around THE MONUMENT which rises here to commemorate our love for the memory of the fallen braves. You know, my fellow-citizens, our tattered, dusty ensigns no longer wave o'er victorious fields! You know over the graves of our soldiers

WHAT A NEWSPAPER DOES FOR NOTHING.

The following article should be read and pondered well by every man who takes a newspaper without paying for it: The result of my observation enables me to state, as a fact, that publishers of newspapers are more poorly rewarded than any class of men in the United States who invest an equal amount of labor, capital and thought. They are expected to do more service for less pay to stand more sponging and deal-heading, to puff and defend more people without any fee or hope of reward, than any other class. They credit wider and longer, get oftener cheated, suffer more pecuniary loss, and are oftener the victims of misplaced confidence, than any other calling in the community. People pay a printer's bill more reluctantly than any other. It goes harder with them to expend a dollar on a valuable newspaper than ten on a needless gewgaw, yet everybody avails himself of the use of the editor's pen and printer's ink. How many professional and political reputations and fortunes have been made and sustained by the friendly, though unrequited, pen of the editor? How many embryo towns have been brought into notice and puffed into prosperity by the press? How many railroads, now in successful operation, would have foundered, but for the assistance of "the lever that moves the world;" in short, what branch of American industry or activity has not been promoted, stimulated and defended by the press? And who has tendered it more than a miserable pittance for its mighty service? The bazars of fashion and the haunts of appetite and dissipation are thronged with an eager crowd, bearing gold in their palms, and the commodities there vendred are sold at an enormous profit, though intrinsically worthless, and paid for with something of the same character as that which the newspaper is jehing cheapening trade, orders and pennies. It is made a point of honor to liquidate a grog bill, not of dishonor to repudiate a printer's bill.

THE TRUE MARTYR

of the fight, his companions may have swept on to victory, as the best means of protecting the spot where he fell—"somebody's darling!" Private soldier though he may have been, buried in a nameless grave, sleeping beneath a simple wooden board, he was Somebody's darling, so young and so brave. Wearing still on his sweet, pale face, Soon to be hid in the dust of the grave, The lingering light of his boyhood's gaze. [Gen. Lee repeated this whole poem with fine effect, and many eyes were dimmed with tears.] * * * If Scotland's plaided soldier can find music in his bag-pipe as he chants the slogan of victory; if the son of the mountain land of Tell, who yet disdain the cap of Gessler, winds through his mellow horn with patriotic pride his "Ranzes Vache;" if along the vine clad hills of the Rhine and the sunny banks of the smiling Seine the Frenchman goes wild under the magic of his "Marsellaise;" if "God Save the Queen" is the part of staid old England, may we not, too, worship the genius that inspired our "LAND OF DIXIE." Ay, if the thistle of old Caledonia is worshipped with Calvinistic devotion, as it waves upon the verge of Ben Lomond or casts its shadows in the Clyde; if the red cross of St. George had its staff over the palace of St. James, upheld by the British lion, while its folds, that flutter in every breeze, is the boast of heraldry and the pride of power; if the Ottoman bows before the crescent with an eastern idolatry as it floats over the Bosphorus and around the Golden Horn; if the young eagles of France are flogged under their fleur-de-lis, and step beneath its folds with an historic pride, may we not, too, look back with purest emotions and remember with the sweetest and saddest affections the cross of St. Andrew with its stars and bars as it waved in triumph over a hundred battlefields and was baptized in the best blood of the land ere it became the "conquered banner," immortalized in verse by the inspired pen of our own poet, Father Ryan: Furl that banner, true 'tis sorry, Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory, And 'twill live in song and story Though its folds are in the dust. Ay, it is holy. Holy! because beneath its fluttering folds fought THE SONS OF THE SOUTH. Holy! because it was planted amid the whirlwind of shot and shell upon many a victorious battlement by the valor of southern troops before it was furl'd forever. Holy! because the

THE GREATEST LIVING CONFEDERATE HERO.

Reader, did you know we came near having another war, the other day? Yes, a war between the North and South! When? how? you breathlessly ask. It was when the vote was taken in the United States Senate to let ex-Confederates hold office in the army. If Gen. Mahone had not voted as he did, the bill would have been passed, and the whole Northern heart would have been fired. Gen. Mahone was the only Southern Democrat who saw the danger and bravely determined to prevent it. He being a better Democrat than Gen. Hill, it must have gone very hard with him to leave his brother Democrats and to vote with the Radicals on that occasion. Let no one suspect for a moment that Gen. Mahone, the "greatest Confederate hero living," had any selfish motive for doing what he did. His worst enemies have never ventured to suggest even that he was a selfish man. O no! he is a patriot and his only motive for keeping ex-Confederates out of the army, was, to "placate" the North, and the only reason why he wants to placate the North, is, to get his beloved Virginia into the "temple of the Union." We knew, when Gen. Mahone first commenced to smell Radical flowers, in the days of Hayes, that he was the self sacrificing man who was going to save us from another bloody war.—Danville Times.

THE PRINCE OF CAVALIERS.

As I recall the heavy Mexican spurs that jingle upon the riding boots, the French sabre swinging so quietly by his side, the "fighting jacket" buttoned back, the drooping hat and black feather, the strong figure and big raven beard, the piercing, laughing blue eye, I know before me rides the commander of the cavalry of Northern Virginia—dashing J. E. B. Stuart. * * * Love it! It was bathed in the life blood of the cavalrman at Yellow Tavern, six miles from Richmond, when Sheridan's advance was there disrupted, and when, with fast failing power he jumped his minister, the Rev. Dr. Pettigrew, of Richmond, in his last note of praise, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," while the angel of death was guiding to everlasting light, him who was more fiery upon the battle-field than "Rupert of the Bloody Sword." The stars upon the Confederate battle-flag shone forever thereafter with increased brilliancy, for they received from luminous depths the record of the hero. * * * The river of our joy may not flow steadily because

WHAT BUILDS UP THE COUNTRY.

Producers of wealth build up the country. The tillers of the soil add the results of their labor to the public as well as to their individual wealth. And the manufacturers who take the raw material, and by working upon it, increase its value, is a producer of just so much wealth, which sends off all its cotton, wool, and hides to be manufactured in other states, and lets its own timber rot in the forest while it sends abroad for furniture, wagons, buggies, plow stocks and axe-handles. Towns belong to the country, and add more or less to the building up of the country. But merchants alone can't build up a town. Town and country are both interested in the establishment of factories, both are benefited by the increased productions as well as conveniences. The country can't succeed with all its people farmers, nor a town with its whole population merchants. Diversity of calling is essential; one is dependent on the other, and each derives a support from the others. There is no need of encouraging men to become merchants; the demand is always supplied. But encouragement is needed to get our people into manufacturing, that the greatest possible value may be produced and the country be built up and grow wealthy.—Virginia Granger. A man who habitually makes mean remarks about the other sex is a safe man to habitually keep away from. We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done. Each man is a hero and an oracle to somebody, and to that person, whatever he says, has an enhanced value.

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